
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>



F

2733

2

HD WIDENER



HW HJLS P



WISH VS THE WIND SOUTH



DANIEL B. FEARING
NEWPORT R. I.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

GIFT OF

DANIEL B. FEARING

CLASS OF 1882 · · · A. M. 1911

OF NEWPORT

1915

THIS BOOK IS NOT TO



Digitized by Google

The Comic Artist

I.

"A witty picture! what a merry soul
He must have been that made it!"—Think ye so?
With your permission, Sir, I will unroll
One Chapter of his history. You shall know
His pregnant meanings. This unpartick had
A trick of painting things the world was glad
To laugh at, but not cry. The crowd would stand
And eye him, none a less idle, shaking
His fat sides, with a merriment all mistaking;
And while they laughed, the artist's busy hand
Still plied its craft—a garret was the scene,
His poor companions, twin—One, with frequent mien,
Famine, sat rest his heart, recovered his breath—
The other, crutching on the threshold, . . . Death.

II.

"A merry soul! . . . It took the skie's hand
Stopped, like the index of a clock which turns
With time, no more. Famine, that ever yearns
For fresh prey, passed out. Death took his stand
Beside him then. A faint voice gasped "Thank ye!"
His human voice, no welcome, when the rod

of Heaven's exceeding mercy laid him low.
And all the while, round the shop-window, low
Rang out the laughter of the idle crew,
At his gay paucity! ... Oh! if ye could know,
Could, with your own eyes, see and only prone;
How half the blossoming things that garden bear,
Strike their roots deep in agony & tears,
We should have fewer laughter... but more love.

S. H.

BEADS FROM A ROSARY;

BY

T. WESTWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."



"I know that much, whereof I sing,
Is shapen but for vanishing."

E. B. BARRETT.



London:

SAMUEL CLARKE, 13, PALL MALL EAST.



MDCCCXLIII.

F 2733.2

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIVEN BY
DANIEL B. FEARING
30 JUNE 1915

Donated by

TO
GEORGE WOODS,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THE PAST,
AND AS AN EXPRESSION,
SINCERE, THOUGH INADEQUATE,
OF AFFECTIONATE REGARD
AND ESTEEM,
THIS VOLUME IS
Dedicated.

PREFACE.

If my claims on the attention of the public, in my last work, were few and unimportant, I have not the hardihood to suppose that they are less so on the present occasion. Then, however, there were some who greeted me with no unkindly greeting; some, even amongst my judges, who laid aside the stern critic-frown, and let words of pleasant meaning drop smilingly, and it may be unawares, from their pen. To all such I proffer heartily my thanks; and though I would not have their justice hoodwinked by their mercy, I cannot help expressing a hope that my second adventure may find them in as placable and sunshiny a mood as my first.

It is customary, in volumes of this description, to com-

mence with a poem of greater length and pretensions than the rest ; and where the writer has genius enough to bear him up bravely in his arduous flight, this is well ; but, for mine own part, feeling that I have no such ability, I have resolutely clipped the wings of my ambition, and confined it within its proper narrow limits. I may have often longed to wander in more “ skiey fields,” but I knew well that, were the endeavour made, I must soon return earthward with a weary and drooping pinion, and that I should probably bring back with me no flowers but faded ones, from the high realm to which I had aspired. The flowers I *have* gathered are very humble ones indeed ; I have sought them, not even at the mountain’s foot, but in the lowland meadows, by the road-side, and beneath the greenwood shadow ;—some few also in the inner garden of the heart. There are no amaranths amongst them ;—if the winds be propitious and the skies fair, they may live on for a few brief days, but their bloom, if they have any, will soon forsake them, and their fragrance will not linger when their bloom is gone. And yet, dear reader—to pursue the

simile—as there are blossoms whose beauty we could ill spare, though they be but, as it were, the very uttermost fringes on the rich garment of Nature, so are there singers, whose province it is to take up the faintest and most dying tones in the great world-chorus, yet who could not well be silent, without bringing abruptly to a close the soft cadence of the song. It may be urged, indeed, that the name of such singers is Legion, and it were vain to deny this ;—still, if it be not proved against me that I have introduced discord, where I should have maintained harmony, I trust I may be forgiven for adding to their number.

Moreover, just now, there is a deep sad silence reigning in many of the high places of the muse. One by one, have the shrines been forsaken ;—one by one, the oracular utterances died away ;—

“ Such a sleep, they sleep,
The men we loved ! ”

Lofty utterances, there are still ;—Barrett, Tennyson, Macauley, *ye* witness to this—utterances, which awake the soul’s deepest and finest echoes,—but, alas ! they do but make us sigh the more, in that they are heard only after

long intervals. Is it unreasonable, then, to hope that, in the pauses of their grander singing, the world may listen, if not with complacency and favour, at least with endurance, to the weaker, though willing voices of that humbler brotherhood, to which I have referred.

To the near and dear friends, who have taken so warm an interest in the progress of my little work, I have only to say that for their sakes, more than all, do I wish its merits were increased tenfold. I know, however, that there is one purpose it cannot fail to serve, that of strengthening many delightful associations, and keeping alive the recollection of scenes and incidents which, I am very sure, neither they nor I would "willingly let die." Feeling confident of success in this particular, I shall not regret its publication, even though its reception, beyond my own circle, be less encouraging and considerate than that of its predecessor.

It only remains for me to state that several of the Poems have already appeared in the 'Athenæum', and 'Worcester Journal'.

ENFIELD, DEC. 4th, 1843,

C O N T E N T S .

	PAGE
INVOCATION	1
SPRING	11
SONG	18
THE "OLD FAMILIAR FACES"	20
THE LEAF	22
A LAY OF THE GREENWOOD	23
CONGRATULATORY STANZAS	26
THE GRIEF OF THE LOVING	30
THE WINDS	33
MILL SONG	36
THE LAST ROSE	38
SUMMER'S ADVENT	40
TO A LAUGHING CHILD	43
THE BIRTH-SONG OF THE FLOWERS	45
THE TREE TO THE WIND	52
A SONG OF WELCOME	55

	PAGE
LOVE'S RETROSPECT	57
A LAST SONG OF SUMMER	59
TO MY PARLOUR FIRE	62
THE SONG OF THE WILLOW	68
THE VILLAGE CHURCH	71
STANZAS PRESENTED WITH SOME FLOWERS	74
SONG	76
THE WINTER-WORK OF THE FLOWERS	78
THE CROWN OF DARKNESS	ib.
AUTUMN	79
FAREWELL TO GRIEF	81
THE OWL'S SOLILOQUY	85
HAPPY FACES	88
WINTER AND THE FLOWERS	91
THE PALACE CEDAR	93
ANGLER'S CHANT	97
THE PASSING BELL	101
THE HOLLY-TREE	103
"SO, THE DREAMS DEPART."	107

BEADS FROM A ROSARY.

Fancy, one day,
Sat stringing beads, to make a rosary ;
But ever and anon, by twos and threes,
They 'scaped her fingers, rolling on the ground,
Where they were left unheeded, till by chance,
Roaming in pensive mood, I found them there.
Lo ! these are of them.

INVOCATION.

INVOCATION.



Wilt thou come, and sit with me,
Sweet companion, Poesy ?
We will seek some quiet scene,
That thou lovest—where the green,
Overarching boughs, have made
Coolest twilight with their shade ;
Where the golden-pinioned beam
'Mongst the enwoven leaves doth gleam,
In its idlesse working out
Shining tracery all about ;
Where, like music in a dream,
Murmureth soft the rippling stream ;
Where the small bird, timidly
Chirpeth low, in flitting by,

And the very wind doth take
Gentler measures, so to make
Harmony with all things there ;—
Wilt thou seek this refuge, fair ?
Wilt thou come, and sit with me,
Sweet companion, Poesy ?

I am weary of the sound,
That doth compass me around ;—
Weary of the strife and toil,
Weary of the vain turmoil ;—
False and empty seems to me,
All this worldly pageantry,
And I long to free again
From the clasping of its chain,
My worn spirit, that doth sigh
For the calm, pure founts, that lie
Underneath thy halcyon sky.

Come, and thou shalt weave me there,
With the sunlight and the air,—

With the whispering secrecies
Of the winds, and waving trees ;—
With the odours, rich and rare,
That to thee a tribute are ;
With the silvery sound, that wells
From the ringing lily-bells ;
With all voices, as they rise,
All sweet, pastoral melodies,
All calm breathings of the earth,
Rapid utterances of mirth,
And her plaintive wailing too,
When she weepeth tears of dew,
And the rayless gloom doth lie
On her glory, mournfully ;—
With all these, and more than these,
With thy subtlest phantasies,
Thou shalt weave a web so fine,
Of such workmanship divine,
That no gross, dull thought, I ween,
Shall have power to glide between,

No discordant, worldly din,
Break the tranced calm within.

* * * * *

Thou shalt tell me, laughingly,
Stories of the mystic Pan ;
How his jocund company,
Viewless now, to eye of man,
People still the forest glades ;
How adown their deep arcades,
Faun and Satyr, in and out,
'Mongst the trees, a noisy rout,
In their olden gladness, shout.

Then, in pity, thou wilt breathe
On the vapours, that enwreath
My dim vision ;—with new light,
I shall view all things aright.
I shall see the Dryad, laid
In repose, beneath the shade
Of her own wide-spreading tree ;
'Midst the waters, sporting free,

I shall meet the flashing eyes
Of the river-deities ;
Nymphs, beside each sparkling fountain,
Oreads, on every mountain,
While afar, but thither borne,
Swelling sound of sylvan horn,
Pipe, and tabour minstrelsy,
Tell of jollity and glee,
Wheresoe'er, in wood or vale,
Pan doth hold high festival.

Then, at turning of thy glass,
O'er the scene, a change shall pass ;—
Shades fall thickly round about,
Clustering stars shine faintly out,
And, with kindling beauty, soon
In her upward march, the moon
O'er the slumbering earth shall pour,
Softer radiance than before.
Silence that the busy day,
From his precincts drove away,

While he sleepeth, we shall see,
Timidly, and stealthily,
Gliding through the twilight back,
While sharp Echo, in her track
Croucheth, so to catch the sound
Of her footfall on the ground,
Till assured how vain his quest,
He too slumbers with the rest.
Suddenly, at dead midnight,
When the moon is at her height,
Thou shalt wave thy wand and call
Forth the elfin people all ;
And we'll foot it merrily,
You and I, sweet Poesy,
Through the winding glens apace,
With that quaint and antic race,—
While they tell us, o'er and o'er,
Secrets of their fairy lore ;
How, by wiles of magic sleight,
They entrap the moonbeams bright,

Which they bear, when daylight calls,
To their subterranean halls—
Then, with laughter, set them free,
To illumine their revelry.
How they change, by rare device,
Dew-drops, into pearls of price;
How they charm the nightingale,
To withhold his sweetest tale,
Till the busy, garish sun,
Long his weary race hath run,
And their little band enring
The green dell, where she doth sing.
How, with gentlest ministries,
Each his willing labour plies ;—
One, to raise the drooping flower,
Bent to earth, by sudden shower :
One, to weave the gossamer,
Which the roses love to wear ;
One, to watch the treacherous swamp,
Holding high the glow-worm's lamp,

For a warning, not a snare,
To the traveller, unaware ;
One, to steal the wasp's sharp sting,
And deprive each noxious thing
Of its venom ;—One, to creep
Into rooms, where children sleep,
And with blessed dreams beguile
Their calm slumbers, all the while,
So that they, the watch who keep,
Joy to see them smile.

With swift wing, sweet Poesy,
Will the happy hours flit by,
'Mongst that merry throng ;
And I wot, in after time,
When thou buildest up thy rhyme,
Thou wilt fashion, from their glee,
And their converse, cunningly,
Many an elfin song.
But meanwhile, we two will pass,
When again revolves thy glass,

With a whisper of adieu,
To "fresh fields, and pastures new ;"
Thou shalt bear me in thy car,
Through the fleecy clouds afar,
Over earth, and over ocean,
With serene and steady motion,
E'en to the remotest star.
We shall hear the world-harps ringing
 With their never-dying tone ;
We shall hear the sweet heaven-singing,
 Whence the lark doth learn his own ;
When he soars at break of day,
From the mists of earth away,
Through the azure air elate,
To the shining heaven-gate,
And, ere long, his meed doth win,
Harkening to the rapturous din
Of bird-harmonies within.

Or perchance thy mood may be,
That we commune, reverently,

With the solemn thoughts, that roll
Their wave-thunder o'er the soul ;
With the strong desires, that rise,
Born of wond'rous destinies ;
And the restless hopes, that quiver,
With an outspread pinion, ever
Hovering 'neath the boundless sky
Of their immortality.

Whatsoe'er thy mood, 'twill be
Happiness enough for me,
That thy subtle witchery
Worketh in me, and around ;
That thine influence hath unwound
From my weary heart and brain,
The close clasping of that chain,
That doth bind me heavily—
Then, whate'er thy mood may be
Come, oh come, sweet Poesy !

SPRING.

S P R I N G.



Grey Winter stares aghast !

For the merry Spring outleaping,

Over his cold domain hath passed,

And summoned up the sleeping.

From their nook in the wild-wood glade,

The Fays come forth to meet him,

And the Pixies, 'neath the old oak-shade,

With joyous welcome greet him.

The wither'd crown from his brow

He doth pluck, and away they bear it,

And they weave him a chaplet green, I trow,

And shout to see him wear it.

And now grey Winter stands

In the midst of their sportive bands,

And strives with closed ears to keep their merry music out ;
No love his looks bespeak,
And o'er each puckered cheek
Swift tears, but not of joy I wis, i' the furrows course about.

He calls to the tempest winds—
But the winds, alas ! have drunken
Too deep of the nectarous draught, that binds
With a chain their strength, and sunken
In the laps of the wanton flowers they lie,
On the beds of moss, scent-breathing,
Or cradled soft 'midst the leaves on high,
With the sunbeams o'er them wreathing ;
So his voice awakes them not.
Then he calls on the rains to aid him—
But the rains have wept themselves to death,
And the hail has fled from the sun's warm breath,
And the snow lies in dew on the turf beneath,
Poor wretch ! they have all betrayed him !
He calls, but they heed him not.

Then the saucy Spring, grown bolder,
Doth bid old Winter flee,
And the eye of each beholder,
Lights up with ecstasy,
As the hoary king turns slowly,
From the little blithsome crew,
And with aspect, changed and lowly,
Doth bid his realm adieu.
But, ah ! unpitying they !
When he turneth to go, the tyrant host
Surround him with odours he hateth most ;
They pelt him with thistles, and thorned flowers,
They drive him in scorn from their festal bowers,
And ere yet he hath faded quite from view,
Or his footfall died away,
They pierce with their songs, the welkin blue,
And with mocking laughter his path pursue—
While the young leaves dance on the spray,
And a thousand flowers, that timidly,
Lay hidden deep while their foe was nigh,

Peep out at the balmy day ;
And a thousand birds that mutely flew
From branch to branch, grown bolder too,
Break forth in a roundelay !

And joy is the burden of every song,—
There is joy in the river's flowing,
In the voice of the breeze as it floats along,
In the kine's soft pastoral lowing ;
You may hear it the grasses and reeds among,
On the marge of the streamlet growing.
Joy on the new-born earth !
Joy in the halcyon sky !
Poor mourner, from thy silent hearth,
Look upward *hopefully*,
And give not to those sounds of mirth,
Wrung heart and tearful eye.

And thou, pale child, that low
On saddest couch art lying,—

Go forth, and health shall fan thy brow,
And chase away thy sighing.
Go forth, and sport beneath the bough,
Where the gladsome bee is humming,
And thou wilt bless, as I do now,
The young Spring's joyous coming.

(SONG.)

“GIVE ME THE LOVE THAT YOU GAVE ME
OF YORE.”

Give me the love that you gave me of yore,
And the songs that you sigh for shall greet you once more;
Bind up each link of the beautiful chain,
And Fancy from slumber shall waken again;
Clasp it around a true heart as of old,
And Thought her veiled visions will quickly unfold.
Heed it not—leave it where long it hath lain,
And, dream-bound for ever, Thought, Fancy, remain!

And dream-bound with these, too, Affection must lie,
Hopeless, heart-wearied, no more to reply;
No more to watch o'er thee by night and by day,
To chase, with its presence, all sadness away;

No more o'er thy pathway its sunshine to throw,
And weave its fresh garlands to circle thy brow ;
No more to beseech thee, with fast-falling tears,
To remember the promise of happier years.

And must it be so? Must the harp ever be
Mute, that so often hath sounded for thee?
Must the hope I have hidden so deep in my breast
Be driven for aye from its haven of rest?
Nay, give me the love that you gave me of yore,
Let the songs that you sigh for sound gaily once more ;
Though the whole world were faithless, thy bosom should be
Still faithful and steadfast, as mine, sweet, to thee !

THE "OLD FAMILIAR FACES."



I sigh not for the past,
For my childhood's days again ;
For time hath taught how vain its dreams,
Its eager hopes how vain.
But memory oft, in musing mood,
The backward path retraces,
And shows me, through the gloom of years,
The "old familiar faces."

I sigh not for the past :
More stedfast visions shine
Upon me now ; and better hopes,
I well believe, are mine ;

But the kindly friends of those young days,
The merry friends of yore,—
For them I sigh, for them I seek
The vanished past once more ;
And it warms my heart, when memory thus
Her backward path retraces,
And I meet again the loving gaze
Of the "old familiar faces."

New friends are mine, and true,
And kindly ones as they ;
And loving looks are left me still,
To cheer life's later day ;
But I ne'er can feel for living friends
The gushing love I bore,
Ere the early hopes and dreams grew dim,
To the cherished ones of yore.
And with tearful eyes, when memory thus
Her backward path retraces,
I turn from living smiles, to greet
The "old familiar faces."

I will lead thee far, sweet Rosalind,
Through sunny glade and glen,
O'er the lilled lea, by the green hill side,
Far, far from the haunts of men ;
Till the dove's low moan
Is heard alone
'Midst the shadowy branches o'er us thrown.

And there, in the depths, dear Rosalind,
Of that sweet sylvan scene,
Will I weave a wreath of blushing flowers,
And crown thee Love's fair queen ;
And on bended knee
Vow loyally
Ever thy liegeman till death to be.

Then mount thy steed, sweet Rosalind,
And grant my boon to-day ;
Mount, mount, thy steed, my ladye bright,
And to the woods away !

A LAY OF THE GREENWOOD.



Mount, mount thy steed, sweet Rosalind,
I crave a boon to-day ;
Mount, mount thy steed, my ladye bright,
And to the woods away !
For each waving bough
Doth woo us now
To where cool winds murmur, and clear streams flow.

Glad thoughts be thine, sweet Rosalind
Beneath yon laughing skies ;
Glad thoughts to make more gladsome still
The soft light of thine eyes.
No time is this
For grief, I wis,
But for pleasant fancies and dreams of bliss.

CONGRATULATORY STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO ———



Father! o'er thy loved ones bending,
Mother! those fair infants tending,
Hear the echo of a whisper, floating faintly from afar ;—
Soft that whisper—it must borrow
Not a single tone from sorrow ;
It must take the sunniest greeting where the sunniest faces
are.

Sunniest faces !—yea, though gleaming
Through fast-falling tears—the streaming
Of an April rain imparteth to the flowers a fresher smile ;
And an April sky's rich beaming
Showeth yet a brighter seeming,
Shining through the drifting shadows that have curtained
it awhile.

Happy mother! in thy dwelling,
Hath a light been lit, dispelling
All its gloom—it brightens rounds thee with a radiance
still the same ;
What if now thy frame doth languish,
Joy is thine beyond the anguish ;
Thou hast found earth's purest treasure ; thine is now its
holiest name.

Ay, its *holiest*—thought may wander
O'er the heart's domain, and ponder
On each fervent love and passion, cherished at its inmost
shrine :
But the end of its endeavour
Must be this, I ween, that never
Can it find a love to equal that sweet mother-love of thine.

Though afar mine eyes behold thee—
I can see that love enfold thee
In its close embrace, and ever be its clasp as close as
now ;

I can see it wake from slumber,
Hopes and feelings without number,
And each wakening hope and feeling sets its seal upon thy
brow.

Loving hearts of sire and mother,
Beat ye henceforth for each other,
With a nearer love—thrice happy be the destiny of all—
No dark change come o'er your gladness,
Never shade of mortal sadness,
Like a blight 'mongst opening blossoms, on those fair babe-
faces fall !

Worthiest of your fond caressing
May they ever grow—a blessing
That shall fill your home with music—that shall cheer your
hearts with mirth !
Simple words—but truest feeling
Seeketh not for quaint revealing,
Choosing aye to cull its fancies from the lowliest flowers of
earth.

In a gracious time hath Heaven
Those twin buds of promise given;
They have 'scaped the storms of winter—be their fate for
ever so!
Or if storms must rage around them
May *His* watchful care surround them,
And amidst the desolation bid fresh founts of gladness flow.

Fare ye well! the whisper groweth
Faint and fainter yet—it floweth
From half-closed lips—lo! silence o'er my lyre hath spread
her wing!
Ah, forgive so poor a greeting—
Such a feeble lay, and fleeting,—
Think but of the kindly feeling that hath tempted me to
sing.

THE GRIEF OF THE LOVING.



Our beautiful has bowed her head,
 Low stricken by lingering pain,
Like some fair flower that's beat to earth,
 By drops of stormy rain :
A shadow on her brow has fallen,
 And dimmed her eyes' soft light,
And from her lip has stol'n the smile
 That gave all hearts delight ;—
Come back, oh blessed health, come back—
 Resume thy wonted power —
Come back, like sunshine thro' the clouds
 To the rain-beaten flower.

Come back, we fain would hear once more
The merry laugh of old ;
We sit in silence and in fear,
The while each heart grows cold ;
We pray with fervent prayers each night,
That God's dear love may bring
His quiet sleep to lull her frame,
And soothe her suffering.
Each night, each day, we pray the same,
That he for aye may shower
His choicest blessings from above
Upon our cherished flower.

And soon, oh very soon, we trust
The smile will come again,
And from the young fair forehead pass
The shadow and the pain ;
And soon, oh very soon, perchance
The laugh we yearn to hear,
With its low, murmuring melody,
Will once more greet our ear ;

Soon—oh what glad and grateful hearts
Will welcome that dear hour,
That gives us, in her beauty back,
Our pale and drooping flower.

THE WINDS.



The winds are abroad to-day,
Over the hill-tops flying ;
Shouting aloud in their stormy play,
Blast unto blast replying ;
Bowing the woods 'neath their tyrant sway, the stubborn
and strong defying.

They have taken the old oak tree,
Whose gnarled boughs unbending,
Have seen a thousand tempests flee,
And mocked their vain contending,—
They have dashed him to earth in their savage glee, his
mighty roots up-rending.

D

And away, and away they fly,
Stern desolation's minions ;
They pierce the mists that around them lie,
With keen sky-cleaving pinions ;
They scatter the wreathed clouds on high, from the great
sun's blue dominions.

Aha ! old Ocean roars,
As he hears their far-off shrieking,
And his billowy legions forth he pours,
As if to meet their seeking ;
While the cavern-echoes from his shores, give back his
stormy speaking.

The winds and the waves have met !
Woe, woe to the bark outlying !
And winds and waves, a mightier yet
To join your strife is hieing ;
Ere yon pale-visaged sun hath set, lo ! Death shall claim
the dying.

Rage on, it is yours to-day,
To mock man's weak endeavour ;
We shrink before your fierce array,
We yield, but not for ever—
Oh winds and waves, your vaunted sway, your linked
strength shall sever.

And thou, oh crowned King,
Who laughest to scorn our weeping,
The fiat of the Eternal word,
Stern watch is o'er thee keeping—
Thou too shalt be a chained thing, no more thine harvests
reaping.

MILL SONG.



Merrily the mill-sail
Turneth round and round,
With a breezy motion
And a busy sound.

Merrily the miller
Standeth at the door,
Humming pleasant ditties
From his ancient store.

Merrily, oh merrily, all the summer's day,
Hums that burly miller, while the mill-sails play.

At the open lattice,
In the little homestead near,
Sits the miller's good wife,
With face of blythesome cheer ;

And round about the gateway
A little sturdy throng
Of rosy knaves are sporting,
With laughter loud and long ;
And merrily, right merrily, at close of summer's day,
Aye laugh the miller's children the while the mill-sails play.

Good luck befall thee, miller,
With thy frank and hearty smile ;
Good luck befall thy dear ones all,
That know nor grief nor guile.
When worldly cares beset us,
And worldly hopes decline,
'Tis well, I wot, to linger
By simple hearths like thine,
And merrily, still merrily, to pass the live-long day,
'Midst happier thoughts and better hopes, the while the
mill-sails play.

THE LAST ROSE.



Give it shelter in thy bosom,
This, the year's last rose ;
In that safe and loving haven
Let its leaves repose,
With a lingering flush of crimson,
Ere in death they close.

It will die, but calm and happy,
Shielded from the blast ;
E'en when life is gone its fragrance
Will that life outlast,
Like the perfume-breathing memory
Of a pleasure past.

Other flowers I might have found thee,
Brighter, fresher far—
Lo! the jasmine, thro' its foliage
Gleaming like a star;
Lo! the lily, still the fairest
Where a thousand are.

But this blossom's faded beauty
These doth far outshine;
Thoughts of by-gone joys have robed it
With a light divine;
On its leaves are writ the stories
Of sweet "Auld lang syne."

Give it rest, then, in thy bosom,
This, the year's last rose;
In that safe and loving haven
Let its leaves repose,
With a lingering flush of crimson,
Ere in death they close.

SUMMER'S ADVENT.



SUMMER, the wanton nymph, lay hidden deep
In her wood-secrecies, and laughed the while
The heavy rains came plashing to the earth,
And all the sky seemed robed for funerals.
She looked forth and laughed, because no trace
Of the rich gladness of that jocund time
Lit up the gloom of her deserted realm ;
'Twas barren all—but on her ear there fell
A low, half-muffled, melancholy moan,
As of the imprisoned spirits of the flowers,
That might not pour their lives out in the sun,
So doomed to die in darkness ;—merrily
Woke the rich sparkles in her half shut eyes,—
Till thoughts of pity came, and drove them thence :

Then pensive sat she hearkening, hour by hour,
To nature's ceaseless wail, the plaintive voice
Of birds, and streams, and winds, and weeping trees.

On a sudden, by some antic impulse stirred,
Or by the workings of a new remorse,
Forth from her lair she sprung, and tripping out
From 'neath the shadowy boskage of the wood,
Thrice shouted with a clear, sweet, silvery shout,
Which all the winds took up, and bore aloft,
On joy-plumed pinions, to the lowering heaven.
Anon, the murky clouds 'gan roll asunder,
Like baffled legions from a stricken field ;
The winds pursued them, howling savagely
In their swift track, below th' horizon's verge,
And ere the day had reached its golden prime,
No lingering vapour dimmed the blue expanse,
And the warm sunlight slept upon the earth.

Oh radiant change ! pale nature ceased her groaning—
Along the strings of her neglected lyre,

A fitful music ran, which grew ere long
More widely resonant, till deep and full,
The flood of harmony o'erflowed the world.
The flowers peeped out, the tears upon their face,
But the rich perfume streaming from their hearts ;
And soon, the bee came, buzzing as of old,
And clung to them with kisses that weighed down
Their light bells to the earth ; the butterfly,
Itself a blossom of the sunny air,
On rapid wing flew past, and from afar,
The cuckoo's note, monotonous, but fraught
With a most pleasant meaning, evermore
Proclaimed the advent of a happier time.

So Summer, in the green heart of the land,
Stood up, and wore her crown.

TO A LAUGHING CHILD.



Laugh on, laugh on !

The green leaf is unwithered,
The blue of the sky still bright,
The blossom of youth ungathered,
Untouched by the blight,
The river of life, calm-flowing, in the dewy morning light.

Laugh on, laugh on !

There's a voice that singeth within thee,
That singeth of joy alone ;
And that merry voice doth win thee
To mirth, with its lightest tone.
Ay, listen, listen, little one, ere the singing voice hath flown.

Laugh on, laugh on !

For I ween yon sky may darken,

Its flashing radiance wane ;

And thy weary spirit hearken

For the voice of mirth in vain.

I ween youth's rose-lipped phantoms fair,

May pass with their smiling throng ;—

I ween the river of life may flow 'mongst the rocks and
shoals, ere long.

Then laugh, ere slow-declining,

Thy childhood's joys depart ;

Laugh on, while still the shining

Of the sun, can reach thine heart ;—

Laugh on, while all things round thee, in thy laughing
mood take part.

THE BIRTH-SONG OF THE FLOWERS.



“ Dear English flowers,
Growing in meadows that are ours,
For any child to pull.”



We awake, we awake
From the trance of our wintry sleep ;
As star-beams break
From the shadows that o'er them sweep,
So from the shroud of the tombling earth
We spring to the light of our radiant birth.
“ Violet, sweet violet,
Where hidest thou ?”

“ I am near thee, sister mine ;
I am lying soft and low,
Where the light doth faintest shine
’Neath the o’er-arching bough ;
In a moss-tuft I am hidden,
Yet not lost, I trow ;
For the sunbeam, busy rover,
Piercing through my leafy cover,
Kisseth oft my brow ;
And the wanton wind, unbidden,
Cometh, day by day,
Saucy elf! and while I sleep,
To my very heart doth creep,
And bear its sweets away.
But sister Lily, dost thou see
Cowslip, peeping o’er the lea ?”

• “ He is there, he is there—
I have called him, sister fair ;
Cowslip, hearest thou ?

Hark ! across the bending grass
Something like a tune doth pass,
 Very faint and low.
Hark again ! the breeze is dying—
Like his drowsy voice replying,
 Sounds that murmur now.
Cowslip, speak more loud and clear,
Till thine answer meet our ear."

" Wait awhile, wait awhile,
 Gossips, till the noon-tide sun
Ceaseth with his fever-smile
 So to shine. I'll talk anon—
I am weary now ;
 There is King-cup in the meadow,
And sweet Marguerite too ;
 Primrose, 'neath the wood's deep shadow,
And a jocund crew
 Of Orchis, and Forget-me-not,
And Pansies, by the poor man's cot—
They will talk enow.

Turn to them, dear gossips twain,
I am weary, and would fain
Sleep till skies are cool again."

"Orchis, and King-cup, Forget-me-not,
All who are waking in this sweet spot,
Join ye our natal song ;
Let not the bird and the idle breeze
Be alone in their joyous minstrelsies,
Let a voice from our happy throng
Rise from the grasses and moss-tufts green ;
Sharers are we in the festive scene
Though we be lowly and frail, I ween.
Sing, sisters, sing !"

SONG.

Yes, we are lowly, and weak, and frail ;
We shrink from the tempest, we bend in the gale,
But the stormy wind and the beating rain
Last not for ever ;—the blue domain
Of the sun soon shineth with smiles again :

When the shadow hath vanished from meadow and lea,
Then who so gay and so glad as we ?

All things do love us—the wandering bee,
When he seeketh for blossoms that sweetest be,
Hovering amongst us, or whirling away,
Hath ever some gentle word to say ;
E'en the merry lark, though heavenward springing,
Thinketh of us in his rarest singing ;
And the merle's last lay, at the evening hour,
Is a lullaby to each folding flower.

All things do love us—on mossy stone
The little maiden sitteth alone,
And softly smileth, the while she tells
Over her treasure of buds and bells ;
And the baby greets us with gleesome eyes,
And croweth loud in his glad surprise,
For he dreams he hath found the stars so bright,
That he saw, and longed for, yesternight.

E

All things do love us—when day is past,
And her myriad voices are hushed at last,
When the ladye moon peeps over the mountain,
To look at her pale cold face in the fountain,
And a hush in the wood's deep heart doth reign,
From their sparry palaces, subterranean,
Come forth the fairies, and brownies, and all
The elfin folk, to their festival.

They crowd around us, the frolicsome throng,
They sip our honey-dew all night long ;
They dance before us with antic guise,
And peer in our faces with roguish eyes ;
With wild shrill laughter they gambol o'er us,
And shout in our ears their merry chorus ;
But they love us well, the fairy folk,
And with constant care, ere the morn hath woke,
They search the rushes and fern away,
And each noisome creature they bear away ;
And they twist the matted boughs aside,
And the brambles and nettles that fain would hide

The sunshine from us, and pearly dew
They shake from their tender leaves anew ;
Then with many a quip, and many a joke,
They sing their last song 'neath the trysting oak—
Oh, they love us well, the fairy folk !

All things do love us—thrice happy we,
With no thought of the winter to tame our glee ;
And though we be lowly, and weak, and frail,
Though we shrink from the tempest, and bend in the gale,
Yet a spell of magic and might is ours,
For all things do love us—thrice happy flowers !

THE TREE, TO THE WIND.

THE TREE, TO THE WIND.



Forsake me not, oh wind—

Stay, stay, sweet voiced singer—

Wilt leave me now, when on my brow,

This noon-tide heat doth linger?

Wilt leave me now, when droopingly

I need thy cool embracing—

When each pulse doth grow, more faint and low,

Beneath the sun's hot gazing.

Nay—tarry yet awhile, sweet wind,

And while thou fittest round me,

Sing once again, that olden strain,

That like a spell enwound me,

At break of dawn.

The little maiden singeth oft,
In pacing through the meadow ;
And ladies fair, with harpings rare,
Have sung beneath my shadow.
And ever, at the morning hour,
The merry lark above me,
And the throstle too, in the ancient yew,
Sing soft, as they did love me.
But tarry yet awhile, sweet wind,
Still wave thy wings about me,
And fear not thou--*their* songs, I trow,
Ne'er win such joy from out me,
As thine, sweet wind.

Oh, sing that pleasant song once more,
That song of olden story ;
Ere the foot of man, our realm o'er-ran,
And we still upheld our glory.
When the only voice that rose with thine
Was the stream's, its green banks laving,

And the ocean's roar as it lashed the shore,

And the mighty forest's waving.

Now one by one our race depart,

The ravaged earth grows hoary—

Then sing again that pleasant strain,

Bring back that vanished glory,

Oh, pitying wind.

A SONG OF WELCOME.

A SONG OF WELCOME.

Welcome, welcome back again,
Laughing lip, and joyous eye,
Merry voice, that long in vain
We have sighed for wearily.
Summer's rule hath long been past,
Ravaged is her fair domain ;
Howls on high the wintry wind,
Sweeps to earth the angry rain ;
 But we care not—smiles, for flowers ;
 Happy thoughts, for cloudless hours ;
 Jests, for sunbeams—these are ours !
Welcome, welcome to our hearth once more,
All that made it bright in days of yore.

Welcome, welcome back again,
Sweet familiar face, so long
Absent from us ;—gloomy pain,
With its dark, relentless throng
Of fierce phantasms, long hath fled :
Health hath bound the broken chain,
And our lily lifts her head
Lightly from the earth again—
 Grief was ours, but it has flown ;
 Fears, but they are past and gone ;
 Hope and joy remain alone :
Welcome, welcome to our hearth once more,
All that made it bright in days of yore.

LOVE'S RETROSPECT.

LOVE'S RETROSPECT.



I leave thee, I leave thee,
But my thoughts are with thee yet,
Long, weary miles may lie between,
Still lengthening onwards, but I ween
They cannot chain Love's wanderings,
Or make the heart forget.

I leave thee, I leave thee,—
Nay, nay, it is not so ;
I sit beside thee even now,
I hear Love's whisper, soft and low,
And I clasp thy hand in mine, sweet friend,
As I am wont to do.

I leave thee, I leave thee,
Fresh scenes around me rise,
But I see them not—I linger still,
To breath one last good night, and fill
My soul, with all pleasant memories
From the depths of those dear eyes.

I leave thee, I leave thee,
God's blessing on thee rest,
His watchful care be round thee spread,
His holy presence guard thy bed,
And his peace, which passeth human thought,
Sit, dove-like, on thy breast.

I leave thee, I leave thee,
But my thoughts are with thee ever ;
Long, weary miles may lie between,
Still lengthening onwards, but I ween,
They will ne'er divide our hearts, sweet friend,
Or our true affection sever.

A LAST SONG OF SUMMER.

A LAST SONG OF SUMMER.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, thy beauty fades fast,
Thy flowers are all withered, thy glory is past;
And low in the woods, with the dead leaves around,
And the winds breathing o'er thee a desolate sound,
In tears thou art lying.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, thy worshippers all
Have fled and forgone thee,—right merry in hall
Their laughter is ringing;—ah! little I trow
Do they ponder how, lonely beneath the bare bough,
Unwept thou art dying.

The voices that hymned thee so gaily of yore,
The happy bird-voices, their music is o'er,—
Save the robin's, who singeth of Winter with glee,
And the rook's, who caws loud on the storm-shaken tree,
As he flaps his dark pinion.

There *are* voices, but savage and wild ones, alas!
The roaring of rivers, as foaming they pass,
The plashing of rain, and the groan, deep and low,
Of the oak, as his giant limbs toss to and fro
'Neath the wind's strong dominion.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, fierce Winter, ere long
Will sweep o'er the hills with his turbulent throng
Of blasts and rough hail-storms, and finding thee there,
Will freeze thy warm blood with his icy fixed stare,
And laugh as thou diest.

And when thou art dead, with a false look of woe,
He will wind thee perchance in a death-sheet of snow,

And calling around him that turbulent throng,
They will howl forth a requiem, dreary and long,
O'er the grave where thou liest.

But heed not, fair Summer, sleep softly awhile,—
Sleep softly, and dream of the sun's loving smile ;
They rule not for ever, that stern companie,—
Old Winter, one day, shall lie crownless like thee,
Time-wasted and hoary.

Oh ! heed not, and weep not, sleep softly awhile,
And still in thy dreams feel the sun's loving smile ;
When those dreams are all ended, thy waking may show
The sun on thy face, and the earth singing low,
And the birth of thy glory.

TO MY PARLOUR FIRE.

TO MY PARLOUR FIRE.



Fire, that flamest high and free,
Fire, that laughest joyously,
I would fain, this surly weather,
Sing a song of praise to thee.

Hark! the pattering of the rain,
On the misty window pane—
Lo! the storm frowns in upon us,
Wroth to find his fury vain.

Brighter grows thy blaze; more high
Leap thy flames in mockery,—
Ho! fierce wind, thou empty boaster,
Look on us, and howling, die.

Every corner of the room
Doth thy ruddy light illumine ;
We will burn no mimic taper—
Thou alone shalt quell the gloom.

And to give thee warmer glee,
Sparkling coal, I'll heap on thee—
Crackling wood, and coal together,
And I'll feed thee daintily.

Redder grows thy blaze—more high
Leaps thy flame triumphantly ;—
Roar thy worst, rough-visaged weather,
Hear us laugh more merrily !

See, the pictures on the wall,
Smile upon us, one and all ;
Sudden smiles, that beam and brighten,
Whensoe'er thy flashes fall.

And the dusty tomes, that lie
On their creaking shelves on high,
Wear again their olden splendour,
Gilded by thine alchemy.

Things that looked, the livelong day,
Dark and dull, now fresh and gay,
Greet us with an altered aspect,
Gladdened by thy glowing ray.

Well I wot, old Friend, 't would be
Weary search o'er land and sea,
Blyther faces to discover,
Or a jollier pair than we.

Now, with willing hand, I pour
From this flask, of richest store,
Bright libations in thine honour,
And I pledge thee, o'er and o'er.

And I say, right freely now,
With thy light upon my brow,
Never yet had man a truer,
Or a warmer friend than thou.

Ha! more fervent grows thy glee,
As again I heap on thee,
Crackling wood and coal together,
And thou feedest daintily.

Fire, full oft have you and I
Seen the joyless night creep by,
When with sadder face, and paler,
I have watched thee wearily.

When no voice of mirthful song,
Broke the silence drear and long,
When the chain of grief had bound me,
In its iron clasp and strong.

F

And I well remember, how,
With thy light upon my brow,
I believed no friend was left me
In the whole wide world, but thou.

Oft, uncared for, and alone,
I have sat, with frequent moan,
Tracing in thy fading embers,
Sweet familiar faces gone.

Oft, in childhood's dreamy time,
I have clothed in rudest rhyme,
While thy pleasant smile was on me,
Sunny visions of my prime.

Oft, when heart and brow did wear
Sullen shades of worldly care,
Startled by thy sudden flashes,
I have smiled, unaware.

Then all worthy praise, and free,
Given in no mean degree,
Now be thine, old boon companion,
And be thine unchangeably.

Fare-thee-well, and once again,
Ere our merry mood doth wane,
With my latest cup I pledge thee,
In the ending of my strain.

THE SONG OF THE WILLOW.



Flowingly, flowingly,
With a sound of pleasure,
Glide the waters of my own sweet stream ;—
To and fro, to and fro,
Murmuring in like measure,
Wave my branches, in the sun's warm beam.

Day and night, day and night,
Sing we twain together,
Still the same, though sun nor star doth gleam ;
Fearing nought, fearing nought,
Save the rude rough weather,
Which doth mar the quiet of our dream.

Deeply blue, deeply blue,
Is the heaven above me,
But I sigh not to behold its sheen ;
Droopingly, droopingly,
While the stream doth love me,
O'er its bosom I must ever lean.

Caroling, caroling,
With a vain attraction,
Birds around me pour their songs of glee,
I but listen, I but listen
In a calm abstraction,
To a music, sweeter far to me.

Dearest one, dearest one,
I can feel thee laving
My caressing leaves with fonder care ;—
To and fro, to and fro,
With a wider waving,
Stream my branches in the sunny air.

Love me still, love me still—
To be disunited
Would be pain and death to me, I deem ;
Leaf and bough, leaf and bough,
Withered all and blighted,
Thou wouldst hear my voice no more, oh stream!

Love me then, love me then,
And we twain for ever
Will sing on through all the changing hours ;
Resting not, resting not,
And repenting never,
That this happy fate, sweet stream, is ours.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



Thou 'rt basking in the sunlight still,
Old Village Church, I know ;
With just the same calm look, as when
I left thee long ago.
With just the same calm look, as if
To thee the task were given,
To show that aye the face of death,
Should wear the smile of Heaven.

The face of death—for round thy walls,
Each grassy mound bedight
With wilding flowers, was wont to wear
A smile of placid light.

And evermore the sunbeams came,
With shining pinions there,
As sent by holy ones, to breathe
God's calm upon the air.

The very children trod thy paths,
With hushed steps and slow,
Their merry laughter all subdued,
To timid whispers low,
Nor gathered they those little flowers,
That peeped the grasses through—
Perchance they dreamed the unconscious dead,
Might love their beauty too.

Old Village Church, in fancy, oft
I pace thine aisles again ;
In spirit-echoes, rise and fall,
Thy solemn organ strain.
Each reverent head is bowed in prayer,
And bent each suppliant knee—

I ween God's angels well might lean
From Heaven, that sight to see.

Oh fast and thick, the memories
Of those early days, come back,
And lingering still, they leave behind
A freshness in their track ;
My blessing on thee, ancient church,
A blessing full and free !
For dear, as dew to drooping flowers,
Those memories are to me.

I never shall behold thee more,—
The stranger's home is mine,
But still my spirit's prayer is breathed
Before thy simple shrine ;
And when thy Sabbath bell rings out
Its summons on the air,
I join the throng that fill thy courts,
And kneel amongst them there.

STANZAS
PRESENTED WITH SOME FLOWERS.

In the moonlight they were gathered,
Dew-besprinkled flowers ;
In the clear, unclouded moonlight,
Falling, in pale showers,
On the silvery gleaming foliage
Of the garden bowers.

Angels may have looked upon them,
From their homes on high ;—
Fairies may be hid within them,
Viewless to the eye ;—
Cast them not away, sweet Lady,
When they droop and die.

I have read, in olden story,
That strange virtue oft is found
In the blossoms, cull'd by moonlight,
From the dewy ground.
Let them touch thy cheek, I pray thee—
Let them lie upon thy breast ;—
They may cool that flush'd cheek's fever,
They may give that bosom rest ;—
All such virtues breathe from out them,
When in thine embrace they're prest.

SONG.

SONG.



Oh, pray believe it, dearest !

My love for thee must ever
Flow deeply, calmly, surely on,
Like some deep flowing river.
It is not of those fickle loves,
That die of their own lightness—
Like stars that burn, though storms return,
'Twill keep it's ancient brightness.

Oh, pray believe it, dearest !

This poor heart ne'er can falter—
'Tis fetter'd by so firm a spell,
It lacks the power to alter.
Then chase the shadow from thy brow,
And let thy laugh sound cheerly—
Though worse than vain, I'll say again,
Sweet life, I love thee dearly.

THE CROWN OF DARKNESS.

THE CROWN OF DARKNESS.



Lo, Darkness, digging in the mine o' the night,
Doth bring forth star by star, which, having shapen
Into the semblance of a mighty crown,
He circles, with its glory, the veiled brow
Of the universal space.



THE WINTER-WORK OF THE FLOWERS.



The flowers below are in their tiring-rooms
Fast busy, weaving, in those still retreats,
The robes of rainbow dyes, which they must wear,
When Spring, fast running o'er the drowsy earth,
Taps at the closed portals of their homes,
And calls them forth, fresh-perfum'd and new-clad,
To the festival of Nature.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

Thou hast set up thy standard,
Of the red and burning gold ;
In the stately forests of the land
Are its gorgeous hues unrolled.
Thou hast set up thy standard,
And the green earth owns thy might ;
She hath cast her greenness at thy feet,
To honour thee aright,
And with queenly pomp and splendour,
In her garments rich and new,
She calleth to the frowning Heaven,
To give thee honour too.

But the frowning Heaven looks darkly down
With aspect stern and cold ;

And, one by one, the gathering clouds
Across her face are roll'd.
She saith, "Oh, wayward, changeful earth,
Thou hast cast thy strength away,
For a shadow, and a mockery,
And a swift and sure decay.
Behold thy thy trust!"—Ha! fierce and free,
Sweeps down the torrent rain;
The north wind bursts his prison bars,
And rides the storm again;
And the queenly pomp, and the gorgeous hues,
And the red and burning gold,
They are borne on high—they are whirl'd around,
They are stamped in the clay of the miry ground,
And their glory's a tale that's told.

* * * * *

Thou hast set up thy standard,
Oh Autumn, ghast and drear!
But the earth doth shrink from thy phantom sway,
With a look of shuddering fear.

She sitteth sad and lonely,
With a bent, discrowned head,
Or gazeth mournfully around,
And counteth o'er her dead.
And evermore she moaneth,
“ I have cast my strength away,
For a shadow and a mockery,
And a swift and sure decay.”

FAREWELL TO GRIEF.

FAREWELL TO GRIEF,



We have had enough of sorrow—

Let us wipe the tears away ;

We have groaned beneath the sackcloth,

Let us don a garb more gay ;

Let us leave the place of shadows,

Let us greet the laughing day.

In the perfume of the flower

We may find a healing balm ;

Many a grief doth sink to slumber

In the sunshine's blessed calm ;

And the merry birds' sweet singing

Oft doth soothe like holy psalm.

G

While we wander by the river,
On its waters let us pour
All sad thoughts, that it may bear them
To some dark and distant shore ;—
Take thy freight, oh shining river,
Take, and bring it back no more.

And the memory of our sadness,
That, upon the winds we'll fling ;—
Oh, swift-journeying winds, delay not,
Spread abroad your fleetest wing,
Ye will come again, but come not
Till a thought of joy ye bring.

Should we walk with straitened faces
Through a world so fresh and fair ?
Gazing up at heaven's expansion
With a look of blank despair—
Breathing all our inward darkness
Out upon the sunny air ?

Nay,—this tombing earth doth cover

Many a smitten hope, I wot ;

But, above it, hopes unblighted

Still are left to cheer our lot ;—

Shall we see His terrors only,

And His mercies be forgot ?

Many voices speak around us—

Bird, and wind, and stream, and tree ;

Hearken ! nature's utterance telleth

O'er and o'er one tale of glee ;

Hearken ! by that simple teaching,

Let our souls reproved be.

Let us lift them on the pinions

Of an upward-soaring joy—

Resting not, till, calm and tranquil,

Shelter'd from the world's annoy,

They have wrapped the faith about them,

After-griefs can ne'er destroy.

So no thought of dread shall haunt us,

Shades across our path to fling :

So, when smileth beam or blossom,

We an answering smile may bring ;

So, when nature's song doth waken,

We with truest hearts may sing.

THE OWL'S SOLILOQUY.

THE OWL'S SOLILOQUY.



'Twas the twilight hour.—“Tuwhit, tuwhoo!”
Said the owl, as he peered the branches through,
Of the grim old churchyard tree ;—
“Tuwhit, tuwhoo!” and he plumed his wing ;—
They are silent now,—they shall hear *me* sing,—
That will gladden their hearts,” quoth he.

I'm the king of birds, and 'twould ill agree
With my royal state and my dignity,
To mix with the vulgar throng ;
So I wait till the shades begin to fall,
And the earth is hushed,—then I charm them all
With my soft, melodious song.

If I *were* to sing in the broad daylight,
I've not the least doubt they would all be quite
 As pleas'd and as mute as now ;—
But I've often been told—and I think they're right—
That my voice has a grander sound at night,
 And my notes a richer flow.

Aha ! there's that silly young bird again,—
That nightingale, with his tedious strain,—
 Now really it's very wrong :—
He listen'd to me one summer's eve,
And ever since then, without my leave,
 He has tried to learn my song.

Tuwhit,—tuwhoo, tuwhoo, tuwhoo !—
He'll be sensible soon what a vain to-do
 He has made with his rivalry.
Indeed, I've a mind myself to teach
The bird, how completely beyond his reach
 Is the tone of my minstrelsy.

So, now for a stave!—"Tuwhit, tuwhoo!"
Said the owl, as he flutter'd the branches through,
 Of the grim, dark churchyard tree.
And a proud old fellow was he, that hour,
As, perch'd on the top of the belfry tower,
 He hooted right dismally.

HAPPY FACES.

HAPPY FACES.



Happy faces, happy faces,
Smiling from the city throng ;
Lighting up all darksome places,
As ye pass along.
Ever fairest, ever fairest,
Where the crowd doth gloomiest gather,
Even as sunbeams that are rarest
In the cloudy weather.

Happy faces, when I meet ye,
All besetting cares awhile
Take their flight—I turn and greet ye
With an answering smile ;

And perchance a blessing after
Mutely to my lips doth rise,
Basking in the sunny laughter
Beaming in your eyes.

Happy faces, happy faces,
Very pleasant is the lore
Written in your joyous graces,
Telling evermore
That even here, where toil and sorrow,
Care and crime, are rife,
Where the very air doth borrow
From polluted life

Something of its tainted being,
Something of its loathsome hue,
With all hateful sights agreeing,
All harsh discords too ;
Where the soul's best hopes seem shrouded,
Where the curse holds widest sway,—

Here, even here, calm minds, unclouded,
May pursue their way;

Innocent hearts leap up as lightly,
Crushed not in the coil of sin ;
Innocent thoughts flash forth as brightly,
Sun-lit from within.

This ye tell us, happy faces,
Smiling from the city throng,
Lighting up all darksome places
As ye pass along.

WINTER AND THE FLOWERS.

WINTER AND THE FLOWERS.



Old Winter loveth not the flowers, for they
Do mind him, with their meek and innocent looks,
How soon his sceptre must be laid aside.
Awhile since came the snow-drop, preaching thus :
Him Winter heard, and hearing, inly vowed,
That he would wreak upon those rebel hosts
Sudden and sharp revenge ; so putting on
The aspect of mild Spring, he bade the winds
Blow softly, and the unclouded sun look down
With warmer radiance on the quickening earth ;
This did he many a day, till, one by one,
Came forth the trusting flowers, and 'gan to ope
Their fairy blossoms, and their perfumes pour
Upon the pinions of the treacherous breeze ;

Then laughed Winter, with a scornful laugh,—
And stripping off the mask, with killing eyes
He looked around ; his helpless victims shrank
Beneath that cruel gaze, and on their stems
Hung, droopingly and pale ; then shouted he
To his pitiless gaoler, Frost, to bind his realm,
Meadow, and garden, each green pastoral spot,
And woodland nook, and dell, and river-bank,
In chains of adamant ; —next morn the flowers
Lay on the icy earth, withered and dead ;
But the sweet sky, as if in gentle ruth
For such fell ravage, veiled the sun with clouds,
And spread, with weeping face, above their graves,
A pall of virgin snow.

THE PALACE CEDAR.

THE PALACE CEDAR.*



Brave old tree, that many an age,
Hast repell'd the tempest's rage,
With the same bold mien as now ;—
Lifting up thy scatheless brow
In its ancient majesty,
To the black and thunderous sky ;
Well befits it that we break
Into singing for thy sake—
Well befits it there should be
Minstrel lays poured out for thee,
O wide-branching, stately cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

* This tree stands in the garden of what was, formerly, Queen Elizabeth's Palace, at Enfield.

Would that thou could'st find a tongue !
What old histories might be wrung
From thy grand revealings ! what
Wond'rous legends, long forgot !
Were it so, methinks thy green,
Dark leaves, might take a brighter sheen,
Losing all the shades of time,
In those memories of thy prime ;
Were it so, what tree could be
Evermore compared with thee,
O wide-branching, stately cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

Hushed is now each festal sound ;—
Regal pomp, that girt thee round,
Courtly scenes, and pageantries,
Masquings under moonlit skies,
Harp and cittern strains that made
Merry music in thy shade,—
All are gone, no single trace
Lingers of that vanished grace ;

Thou alone, still waving free,
Wear'st thine ancient majesty,
O wide-branching, stately cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

It may be, some spell of power,
Circles thee at midnight hour ;
Viewless all to human eyes,
Those long-buried forms may rise,
Courtly shapes still pace thy ground,
Silvery laughter ring around ;
It may be, while night doth reign,
Thus thou livest the past again—
Thus upholdest, waving free,
All thine ancient Majesty.
O wide-branching, stately Cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

Or, perchance, a thought is thine,
Of the far-off land divine,

Whence thou camest—solemn dreams
Haunting thee, of sacred streams,
And sun loving forests fair,
That for ever murmur there ;
Something of the grandeur still
Hovering o'er thy native hill,
May sustain thee, waving free,
In thine ancient majesty,
O wide-branching, stately Cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

But, where'er the secret lies
Of thy strength—may centuries
Yet to come, behold thee wear
Just the same undaunted air—
See thee lift thy scatheless brow
With the same bold front as now !
And may loftier-sounding rhymes
Greet thee in those later times,
Sung by bards of high degree,
To thine ancient majesty,
O wide-branching, stately Cedar,
Of the olden Lebanon.

ANGLER'S CHANT.

ANGLER'S CHANT.



Wandering by the streams apart,
Glad and calm as they ;
Plying still my simple art,
All the livelong day ;
Seeking out the shadiest nooks
Of the winding woodland brooks,
Where the pearly waters sleep
In their quiet pools, and deep ;
Where the greedy trout doth lie,
Ready for the ensnaring fly ;—
Who so free from weeping sorrow,
And from care, as I ?

Ere the bird hath hail'd the light,
 With his matin hymn ;
Ere the sun hath put to flight
 Mists and vapours dim ;
Forth through meadows, wet with dew,
I my wonted path pursue,
Drinking in the morning wind,
Leaving weariness behind,
Smiling with the smiling sky,
Singing ever joyously,
 Who so free from weeping sorrow,
 And from care, as I ?

Pleasant thoughts, be sure, are mine,
 Hopes as pleasant too,
When the river's silvery line
 Opens to my view.
Ah, how little dream the crowd,
'Midst the city's tumult loud,
How much pure and real bliss,
May be found in scenes like this ;

If they doubt the verity,
 Let them hearken to my cry,
 Who so free from weeping sorrow
 And from care, as I?

Food, for deep delight, I find
 Unexhausted round ;
 In the sunbeam and the wind,
 In the river's sound ;
 And, when heavily I feel,
 Struggling fish within my creel,—
 When the eddying waters flash
 At the monster's sullen dash,
 More and more exultingly
 Doth my joyous spirit cry,
 Who so free from weeping sorrow,
 And from care, as I?

Thou, who heapest, day by day,
 Wealth, that cannot aid,

Cast thy weary load away,—

Come and try *my* trade!

Soon, or I mistake, thou'lt see,

A far richer argosy,

In the wealth by nature poured

At thy feet, a boundless hoard.

Soon, I wot, right heartily,

Thou wilt join my song, and cry,

Who so free from weeping sorrow,

And from care, as I?

THE PASSING BELL.

THE PASSING BELL.

'Tis a pleasant place, this world of ours,
Rosy and bright, and wreath'd with flowers ;
With birds, that carol on every spray,
And fountains, that flash in the sunny day ;
With streams, that sing as they wander by,
And a fair blue Heaven for a canopy,—
But heavily tolleth the passing bell!

Ah yes, a beautiful world is ours,
With hopes that are fairer than fairest flowers —
With fanciful thoughts, and happy dreams,
That have sweeter voices than birds and streams ,
And tender emotions, that rise and fall,
From the soul's bright founts—but amidst them all
Heavily tolleth the passing bell !

Fadeth the beauty that round us lies,
Waneth the blue of the brightest skies,
Quenched are the hopes, and the happy dreams,
Ceaseth the flow of the heart's clear streams,
Mute are the voices, so loud before,
Gone is the glory for evermore,
When heavily tolleth the passing bell !

Oh land of Heaven, from the majesty
And the beauty of earth, I turn to thee !
For thine are the hopes that can ne'er decay,
And thine are the voices that sing for aye,
And thine is the freedom from grief and pain,
And thine is the lovely and fair domain,
Where nevermore tolleth the passing bell !

THE HOLLY-TREE.

THE HOLLY TREE.



Blythest of all trees art thou,
Holly-tree, holly-tree !
In the rough, wild, winter weather,
Shining forth so jauntily ;
When the earth doth look the oldest,
When the storm blasts blow the coldest,
Wearing still thy greenery ;
Wearing e'en a fresher aspect,
And a sleeker jollity.

Joyous tales, oh, holly-tree,
Written on thy leaves I see :
Joyous tales of mirth departed,
And of mirth that's yet to be.

Ha! the very wind, that through thee
Flitteth, pays a tribute to thee,
For, methinks, a sound of laughter,
Blendeth with its minstrelsy.

Stately halls of olden days,
Lighted by the torch's blaze ;
Stately halls, with tables groaning,
'Neath the weight of goodly cheer ;
Gleesome faces round about,
Warm, heart-gladness, beaming out,
Roaring songs, and ringing glasses,
Bumpers to the parting year ;—

Minstrel lays, so dear of yore,
Dances, on the rush-strewn floor,
Beaming eyes, and waving tresses,
Loving whispers, soft and low ;
Jests, from ruby lips outstealing,
Honied accents, past revealing,

Blushing cheeks, and kisses, stolen

'Neath the mystic misletoe ;

Mummeries, sager times have banish'd,

Superstitions, long vanished,

All quaint-visaged usages,

Of a ruder, merrier day—

These, Oh shining holly-tree,

Well are chronicled by thee,—

Who can marvel that thou wearest

Such a glossy look, and gay !

Holly-tree, holly-tree,

I will pluck a sprig from thee ;—

In the rough, wild, winter weather,

I will wear it jauntily ;

So, when weariness hath found me,

When the gloom doth thicken round me,

It shall be to me, O holly,

As a charm 'gainst melancholy ;

Making darkest things look pleasant,

Bidding saddest fancies flee,

Brightening all the cloudy present
With its tales of by-gone glee ;
And before decay doth reach it,
In return, old tree, we'll teach it
Newer tales, and just as joyous,
At our Christmas revelry.

SO, THE DREAMS DEPART.

SO, THE DREAMS DEPART.

So, the dreams depart—
So their fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality,
Now must act its part.

I have wandered for a time,
Through a fair and sunny clime ;
I have tasted waters, far
Sweeter than all others are,
Waters, gushing from the springs
Of the soul's imaginings ;—
Now their fount is sealed—for aye ?
Credulous hope doth whisper, nay,
But the dreams depart.

Fainter, fainter, they are growing,
Like the rainbow, when the flowing
Of the shower hath ceased ;
Fainter, fainter, like the singing
Of the bird, through ether winging,
From the cage released.
They are gone, quite gone,—for aye ?
Credulous hope doth whisper, nay—
Though they all depart.

Shall I trust thee, hope ? Ah, me !
Thou art but a phantasy ;
Canst thou bring them back again ?
I must answer, nay—
All thy promises are vain,
When the finger of decay
Passeth over heart and brain,
When the sun of life doth wane,
And its dreams depart.

Shall I trust, thee, then?—Ah, now
Thou dost wear an altered brow :
Thou art gazing up on high,
 With an angel's mien—
Thou'rt no more a phantasy,
 Hope, as thou hast been.
Yes, I read thy thought aright—
Mine doth follow in it's flight—
I *will* trust thee ;—thou dost soar
From earth's feebleness away,
To that calm, untroubled shore,
Where the soul's imaginings
Gush from ever flowing springs—
Where its strength doth ne'er decay,
 Nor it's dreams depart.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.



Abbot, Thos. Courtney, Esq.

Bacon, H., Esq. jun.
(2 copies)

Bacon, F., Esq., jun.

Baker, Mr. T.

Beard, Mr. G.

Bennett, Miss

Bentley, G., Esq.

Booth, Mrs. Col.

Bowers, Mrs. Charles

Brookes, Mr. E.

Carter, F., Esq.

Challis, Mr. Alderman

Clarke, R. H., Esq.

Clayton, Mrs.

Clayton, Miss S. A.

Clayton, R., Esq. (2 copies)

Coster, J., Esq.

Darkin, Mr.

Deighton, Mrs.

Dodgson, R. Esq.

Done, Mr. W.

Elphinstone, Col. Buller
(4 copies)

Gastineau, H.F., Esq.

Goddard, J., Esq. (6 copies)

Gosling, Mr. F. N.

Grain, W., Esq., jun.

Hall, J., Esq., jun. (3 copies)

Hamilton, Mrs. (4 copies)

Harris, Mrs.

Harris, — Esq.

Harris, Mr. E. jun.

Hawkins, J., Esq.

Hider, Miss

Hider, Miss S.

Hoggart, Mrs.

Hyde, J. B., Esq. (2 copies)

Illingworth, Miss
Irvine, A. L., Esq.

Jolley, J. H., Esq.

Kennard, R. B., Esq. jun.

Lachlan, Miss S.
Lachlan, T., Esq. (2 copies)

Marshall, W., Esq.
Martin, W. S., Esq.

May, Dr.
Massey, T., Esq.

Norton, C., Esq.
Noake, Mr. J.

Perkes, Mr. H.
Perry, G., Esq., (2 copies)
Pike, G., Esq.

Pinchbeck, Miss F.
Pinchbeck, Miss M.
Pinchbeck, E., Esq.
Pinchbeck, G., Esq.

Reseigh, T., Esq.
Robertson, D., Esq.
Robinson, E., Esq.
Rogers, Mr. E.

Sawyer, J., Esq.
Spriggs, Mrs.
Stanley, Mr. J.
Sugden, Mrs., sen.
Sugden, Mr.
Swayne, J., Esq.

Tijou, Mrs.
Tymbs, H. B., Esq.

Walker, Mrs. E.
Williams, B., Esq.
Woods, W. H., Esq. jun.

Yapp, R., Esq.

M. J. G.
Compton, Mrs.
Capper, Mrs.
Brailsford, W., Esq.



